

halo: the last spartans

by nicholas2012

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1. prologue

HALO: THE LAST SPARTANS

****PROLOGUE****_****

****0510, March 10, 2551 (Military Calendar)/UNSC space station GAMMA

****Location: 10 miles above the atmosphere of Earth****

"Everyone fasten your seat belts were going into the hot zone" the pilot yelled from the pilot's seat. She was honored to be escorting SPARTANS into a black op. The only thing she knew though was there is a team of SPARTANS in the back and she was escorting them to they're death. She sighed and mumbled "I hate Mondays."

The lights in the cabin of the pelican blinked red on and off. Eric never did like being in the rear of a pelican, but what choice did he have he had to stay calm, for his SPARTANS. He opened a private COM channel with his SPARTANS. "SPARTANS, status." he said.

"Ready to go," Miranda, Luke, and Devon said simultaneously. They all were hiding they're nervousness from the others. This was their first and most likely there last mission.

"Sir Permission to speak," Miranda whispered just loud enough to hear over the COM.

"Granted." Eric replied.

She took off her helmet and her long brown hair fell perfectly onto her shoulders. "Sir," she started. "Given our circumstances, if we are about to launch onto the front lines of this war what are the

chances of our survival?" She looked at him with a concerned look in her eyes but a serious look on her face. Eric considered this question for a moment trying to think of an answer that will ensure his SPARTANS have no doubt of his orders.

"One-hundred percent," he replied. Miranda was staring at him and he was sure that Luke and Devon were too through their visors. Then she smiled and looked down at her helmet. She starred at the visor.

"That's what you said last time," she mumbled just loud enough for them to hear. "Don't you all remember Jacob!" her voice cracked and a tear went down her cheek. "He stayed behind to ensure we made it out alive and his death will be in vain now that we are going back onto the front lines."

"Miranda!" Eric snapped. "He made his choice there was nothing any of us could do to stop him!"

She put on her helmet and activated her shields. "We could have fought alongside him," she said calmly, "and all survived."

"Sorry to interrupt your conversation back there," the pilot said. "But it's time to go, buckle up." She reached up and pressed a button and the grips on the pelican to keep them on the space station disengaged. The pilot pushed another button and the rear sealed, then locked.

The pelican shook as the pilot took control. It turned up and started to accelerate into the darkness of space. Above them a UNSC Frigate class space vessel flew in front of them and it's landing bay doors opened. The pelican flew into the landing bay of the vessel and set down. The doors closed and it jumped to slipspace.

****Ten minutes earlier aboard the UNSC Frigate**_**
Avenger**_**:**

Captain Zia Perkins sat back into her captain's chair. She had been notified of transporting a team of escorting a team of orbital drop shock troopers to an old glassed colony near Earth to investigate a rumor of covenant setting up a major base there. She was ordered to drop the soldiers and get the heck out of there.

"Ma'am," said lieutenant Kai Long in Navigation and also. Long had dark brown hair and tan skin. The skin was its natural color there was no way to get a tan for a while, none of them had been on real ground for close to a year.

"Yes," Perkins replied "go ahead."

"All systems of the _Avenger_ are online," Long told Perkins. "We are ready to go."

"Good," Perkins looked Long in her deep hazel eyes. "Tell Hank down in engineering to get the slipspace capacitors ready. As soon as we receive those soldiers we are going to jump."

"Aye, ma'am," Long replied spinning her chair around and not taking a glimpse away from her console. "Message received, slipspace capacitors charging. Fully charged in ten minutes."

Perkins opened the mission file again and read through. Something just didn't feel right about this mission. The last sentence of the file didn't make her feel any better. It read "No matter what make NO contact with the ODS'T's.

She brought up the ship's AI _Lasting Spring_. "How may I be of service Captain?" it asked.

"I need you to check this file and find anything out of the ordinary," she told it. She then copied the files into the AI's databank. After a full ten seconds _Lasting Spring_ responded.

"There is only one thing ma'am," the AI started. "Before typing in the initials ODS'T there was a brief pause as if the writer was thinking for the right word. Perkins thought this over, it was a good analysis.

"Or," Perkins replied to the AI. "They were trying not to give away what these soldiers really are. Thank you _Lasting Spring_ you can go now. The AI nodded and evaporated. Perkins took her attention to Long.

"Long as soon as that ship lands I want those soldiers on my bridge ASAP," she grumbled. Long nodded without looking up. "Release prepare for liftoff according to the mission file the pelican will meet us out there," Perkins ordered Long.

There was a creaking noise as they were released into space. The rear hatch opened as the mission file said it should and a pelican landed. The rear hatch shut and latched again. Long blinked in shock that the ODS'T's had refused to leave the pelican so she put in the order again. She waited a full five seconds and there was another refusal.

Long turned around and looked straight into the blue eyes of Perkins. Her light brown hair was cut short down to her ears. Her skin was white and very shinny. Long snapped out it and told her, "ma'am the ODS'T's have refused all requests to come to the bridge."

"I knew there was something weird going on here," she mumbled to herself. She thought for a couple seconds then replied, "did you ask again?"

"Yes," Long answered.

"Oh well," Perkins whispered. "Make the slipspace transition . . . Now!"

I am not owner of halo franchise and respect them this is a novel for enjoyment ONLY it is not official

2. Chapter 1

****Chapter 1_****

****1645, March 10, 2551 (Military Calendar) /Aboard UNSC Frigate
Avenger****, two hundred thousand kilometers above . . .**

anomaly name for planet not found**

"Exiting slipspace . . . Now!" Lieutenant Long shouted as normal space appeared on-screen. There weren't very any stars to see because there were hundreds of covenant ships in the way, that were surrounding a small planet that used to be a UNSC colony. All eyes turned from their stations in awe for only a moment before Captain Perkins interrupted.

"Hank all power to port," she yelled over the COM, and they narrowly missed hitting a covenant Destroyer class ship. "Lieutenant Zao, have we been spotted yet?" Perkins had to keep her soldiers in line one slip-up and they were all going to die.

"Not yet ma'am," twenty year-old Zao replied as he combed the sweat off of his head with his hands. "Should I convert some power to active-cameo?" he asked.

"Yes," Perkins answered and the ship almost immediately disappeared. "Long get us to the dark side of that planet on the double." Long nodded and started to rapidly adjust and calculate at her station. The avenger dodged and swerved just missing most ships.

"Ma'am there is something wrong here," Zao said as he stared at his console questioningly.

"What is it?" Perkins asked a tinge of curiosity in her voice.

"Well according to our scanners none of these ships' shields are up," Zao told her. "Although in every other encounter we have had with the covenant their shields have been up."

"Are you suggesting that these ships aren't online," she voiced her thoughts of what he had just told her. "And this is only a ship junkyard."

"Not entirely ma'am," he started again. "Our scanners are picking up millions of life forms on that planet all of which are Covenant and one last thing."

"What would that be?" Perkins now very interested in what he was saying.

"It would seem most of these contacts are gathered in one spot of the planet," He said. "And that spot isn't glassed."

Weird, Perkins thought, almost all planets that the Covenant defeats is completely glassed. She snapped to, "Load MAC rounds and be ready to fire all archer missiles. This might just be a . . ." She was interrupted by plasma just missing by a hair. "Evasive maneuver Delta now!" she ordered.

The Avenger moved under a Covenant ship that was then tore to pieces by the plasma that had been tracking them. "Damien fire MAC rounds when we get a clear shot time it so it hits when their shields are down then all archer missiles. Damien nodded, he was in deep concentration. They came above a carrier class vessel and saw that it was a covenant flagship that had spotted them. The MAC rounds fired Perkins eyes locked on the screen. The covenant fired three times only half a MAC round made it inside but it tore through the hull

like it was papier-mâché.

"Release the team now," Perkins ordered. "Cover them from above, we got lucky there and don't bet that it will happen again." The pelican flew out and raced under the covenant ships. "Match speed with the pelican."

"Yes ma'am," Long replied. Out from behind the ship was another covenant destroyer it fired all cannons. Three rounds caught their hide, and detonated. The _Avenger _span out of control. Red lights winked and an alarm whaled.

"Damien same orders," Perkins yelled as she gripped her seat. "You know what to do."

She then opened a COM channel with Hank. "Status?" she asked there was a bit of strain in her voice.

"Main engines destroyed, diverting power to backup!" Hank shouted. There was a rumble in the ship's hull as five MAC rounds pierced through space. One MAC round going through the shields two taking the shields down and the last two tearing the rest of the ship to shreds.

"Lieutenant Damien Pondren, fire all aft archer missiles and turn us around!" Captain Perkins shouted over the alarms.

"Aye ma'am," Pondren yelled back. He made some split second calculations. He fired all of the archer missiles, the _Avenger _slowed to a stop. The red lights stopped, normal lights came back on, and the alarm silenced.

"Damage report?" Perkins looked around the bridge. All her staff was still there and alive. The other battles with the Covenant the UNSC had been as lucky.

"All engines offline, power drained to fifty-four percent. One quarter of the archer missiles are left along with sixteen MAC rounds," Hank replied over the COM. "And over half of my staff was killed," he finished sweat dripped down from his hair and to his face. The water heaters had been damaged too but they weren't an issue at the moment.

"Can what's left of your staff get those engines back online?" Perkins asked him.

"Yes, but it would take about six hours," Hank told his Captain.

"Get on it," she said and clicked off the COM. Then she summoned the ships AI, _Lasting Spring._

"How may I be of service?" the AI asked.

"Do whatever Lieutenant Hank Stilles asks of you for the next six hours," Perkins told the AI.

"Yes, Ma'am," _Lasting Spring _nodded and faded.

"Good luck, soldiers," she said as she watched the pelican disappear

onto the surface of the planet.

3. Chapter 2

****Chapter 2_****

**** 1705, March 10, 2551 (Military Calendar)/aboard pelican heading toward surface of unknown planet ****

Eric took his MJONIR mark IV helmet in hand. He stared straight at the visor where his eyes would normally be, he then flipped the helmet around and put it on then clicked a button which locked it on to his neck. Eric looked up and his SPARTANs were looking at him, he knew why they were waiting for a plan. They had never been in this kind of situation before and he had no idea what to say. He looked around the cabin

"Alright," Eric started. "Miranda you take the SPNKR missile launcher and a MA5B assault rifle, Luke you take mines and extra grenades and ammo along with a MA5K assault rifle, and Devon take a MA5B and MA5K you've got our six." They all nodded understanding what they had to carry. He had been with this team for years, yeah there had been a lot of victories, but they all came with costs. Three of his men were dead at his feet because of his commands but they all had died saving their friends lives so they could fight to end this war. There were two deaths on Loki four years ago. Loki was the biggest planet that could sustain human life. The last one had happened less than a week ago but Eric still couldn't process what had happened fully. Everyone had taken Jacob's death horribly he was always making jokes and keeping morale up but now with him gone it just wasn't the same.

An explosion rocked the ship, and interrupted Eric's train of thoughts. "We're coming in hot boys you might want to hold on back there," the pilot shouted.

"Screw it!" Eric yelled back. "Turn this pelican around and get back to the ship we'll call for your assistance." The pilot said nothing but the pelican started to turn around. He then opened a private COM channel with his SPARTANs. "Grab the jet packs I'll open the tray, on my mark we jump and activate our packs." Three green acknowledgement lights winked into existence.

He walked over to a control panel and entered in the code: BLOODYMURDER. The tray opened, the reflective surface of the planet shined below them. His SPARTANs lined up on the tray all holding hands and praying that their friends do not die today. Eric hated being in command knowing his troops would follow him until they couldn't breathe any more. He then whispered "Three . . . two . . . one, MARK!" They all dove over the edge.

Eric nose dived and fell at an alarming rate. The wind started to penetrate his shields, He had to think fast. "Everyone activate your jet packs!" Eric yelled over the COM. An explosion went off and there was an extreme temperature rise on Eric's back. He blacked out.

One hour later

"I think he's waking up." A voice said ringing in Eric's head. Gunfire rang out plasma blasts flew around the Spartans who were

taking cover behind a glassed rock. A green blur went straight over his head and exploded a couple meters back. He blinked once then realized they were in the middle of a firefight.

Eric tried to stand but fell back down. He looked around then spotted the SPNKR missile launcher. He crawled over to it inch by inch. He pushed it out of cover then hefted it on his left shoulder then aimed locked onto the wraith. He fired once and hoped it was enough for it was all he could bare without blacking out again.

The missile flew straight up and curved down towards the wraith that was swerving. The covenant forces stop firing and looked up at it. They started to aim and fired all they had at it. They were all then picked off one by one from left to right. The missile somehow extraordinarily survived and exploded dead center on the wraith which caused an explosion of mass effect throwing shrapnel everywhere.

Devon lay on the ground dead with pink spikes everywhere from his head to his waist. There was no saving him. Eric stared at him knowing that Devon had saved him when his jet pack malfunctioned and exploded.

Miranda and Luke sat Eric on the glass stone. He could tell by the way they were struggling to lift him that they were tired and had been through a lot today. And that they are going to be through even more throughout the next few days.

End
file.